

*Polit. Pamph. vol 1 69.*

A  
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*Louis le Petite,*

AND

*Harlequin le Grand.*

CONTAINING,

Many S---e Riddles, C---t Intrigues,  
Welch Witticisms, pedagogue Puns,  
S---y Quibbles, and occasional Co-  
nundrums.

Publiſh'd for the Benefit of all true Patri-  
ots, to direct their Choice in an able S---r.

To which is added,

Some recommendatory P O E M S, by ſome  
Favourites of the two Eſquires.

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*Dum memor ipſe mihi, dum Spiritus hoſ  
regit Artus pro re pauca loquor.*

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Sold by the Bookſellers,

*To the eternal Fame of that wonderful Politician, indefatigable S—esman, faithful M——er, incomparable Patriot, loyal Subject, facetious Gentleman, profound Lawyer, and undaunted Stickler for the non-forgiving Party, Harlequin le Grand ; once the first in the H——se, tho' the last in the L——st ; who had the Honour to climb without Merit, and to fall without Pity ; the Mirror of all Scribes, the Punisher of Wit, the Patron of D. D'F —, and the President of the Pi——ry.*

**C** Hear up, Friend *Harlequin* ! thou'rt not the first  
That has been blest, in order to be curst :  
Knaves, Fools, and Tools, have often climb'd aloft,  
Not by their Merit, but by others Craft,  
That such rais'd Prodigals, to serve a Turn,  
Might do those Ills the Just and Wise would scorn ;  
'Till boldly wicked, they the Laws despise,  
And sin, like common Whores, without Disguise.  
Then all their Villanies unmask'd appear,  
Whilst the proud Fates, with angry Looks, draw near,  
And make 'em soundly pay for Honours bought so dear. }  
Thus flatt'ring Minions, for their fawning priz'd,  
Wade thro' Preferments to be sacrific'd ;  
And by their sudden Fall, at last atone  
For some ill Conduct, not perhaps their own.

Wise Governors are taught by *Abraham*,  
To save their *Isaac* by a hamper'd Ram.  
Therefore, according to the World's Desires,  
Thou stand'st intangl'd in the thorny Bryers ;



All wishing thou may'st never be releas'd  
 By other Means, than was the horned Beast ;  
 But that to please the head-strong Rabble's Eyes,  
 Thou may'st become a Glorious Sacrifice ;  
 Such that may to the angry Gods atone,  
 For all those Mischiefs done by thee alone.

Therefore, take Courage; he that climbs at all  
 By wicked Means, should never fear to fall.

Thy tottering Height by mighty Strides was gain'd ;  
 Thy Speed was much too swift to be maintain'd :

For Man or Horse too violent in their Pace,  
 Are apt to stumble e'er they win the Race.

Thy towering Height no prudent Limits had ;  
 Pride made thee blind, and Malice made thee mad ;  
 Stern in Authority, severe to all

That did beneath thy Want of Mercy fall ;

Pettish and haughty, easily provok'd,

Or Poets, by thy Means, had ne'er been yok'd

Within these Wooden Dimracks, which we find

Were first for Knaves, and not for Wits design'd.

For who can merit Scandal, more than those

Who sell their C——ry to their C——ry's Foes ?

What, tho' you once did o'er the N——n tow'r !

Yet now with Shame you've lost that awful Pow'r,

And ar't become the Subject of Lampoon,

For all the little Scribblers of the Town ;

Whilst those, o'er whom thou triumph'st, when so Great,

Sing thy Disgrace, and hasten on thy Fate,

That Heav'n's promis'd Vengeance may be shew'd,

On thee and thine, and all that cursed Brood,

Whose Father triumph'd o'er the Royal Martyr's Blood. }

Thus ruin'd Families, undone by thee,

With joyful Eyes, thy happy Downfall see:

For who can pity him, who ne'er could show

One gen'rous Act to either Friend or Foe ;

But always promis'd Favours, to deceive,

And ne'er in Pow'r had Mercy to forgive ?

The same hard Measure may'st thou always find,

Not only from the Laws, but all Mankind,

That the same Path thy Servant has prepar'd,

May be assign'd thee as thy just Reward ;

For since no Mercy would the Traytor save,

Ev'n h—g the Master too, who taught the Knave,

That little Scriblers, who were once thy Scorn,  
 May trot to see thee take one happy Turn,  
 And teach the angry World in doleful Verse,  
 To curse thy Actions, and reproach thy Hearse :  
 Nay, may the jingling Champion of thy Crimes,  
 Give us thy Hist'ry in his nauseous Rhimes,  
 That all thy Deeds may shine without a Mask,  
 In Numbers only fit for such a Task.

And to oblige thee farther, when the Law  
 Against thee shall the Sword of Justice draw,  
 May the fond Fool be of his Hymns as free  
 To th' Gallows, as he was to th' Pillory.

Thus may the Prophet, with his empty Sounds,  
 Labour in vain to heal thy Mem'ry's Wounds ;  
 And with his windy Bombast, crown thy Fate,  
 Which, tho' it comes to Morrow, comes too late.

*To the eternal Shame of Low-Ch-----h,  
 and the lasting Reproach to Mo-----on,  
 Segnior Harlequin Occasi, the modern  
 Turn-coat.*

**H**AIL! Glorious Patriot of the R-----s Race,  
 With T-----n in thy Heart, and T-----y in thy  
 No more let Church-men praise thy fiery Steed, (Face!  
 The Horse runs best, that can maintain his Speed :  
 But you, like *Phaeton*, drove on too fast,  
 'Till from your Chariot you was headlong cast.  
 Let Sneakers then, no more prick up their Ears ;  
 Or such tantivy Men encrease our Tears.  
 The Chair's too good for you, to act your Part,  
 You'd better talk at T-----n in a Cart :  
 There you deserve in Robes of State to sit,  
 Adorn'd with Hemp, not Wooden Ruff, as fit.  
 Here by confessing you have been i' th' Wrong,  
 You then may bore your self thro' your own Tongue,  
 That all the World you've injur'd, then may find,  
 You for Preferment sail'd with ev'ry Wind;



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Follow'd the hottest Scent without Controul,  
And to the Devil gave Body and Soul :  
You couzen'd all the Sophists, and the Tribe,  
That took you for a learned faithful Scribe.

Your Conscience first, like *Baalam's* Ass, was shy,  
Begg'd and whinc'd, which when you did espy,  
You cudgel'd her, and spurr'd her on each Side,  
Until the Jade her Paces all could ride.

When first you mounted on her tender Back,  
She would not leave the Presbyterian Track,  
'Till in her Mouth the High-Ch——h Bit you got,  
And made her learn to gallop or to trot.

'Twas a hard Trot, and fretted her, alas !  
The Moderation Amble easier was :  
You taught her that, and out of that to fall  
To the Tantivy of Prelatical.

Now with a Snaffle, or a twined Thread,  
To any Government she'll turn her Head.

Hail ! then, Great Patriot of the Turn-coat Crew,  
May'st thou ne'er fail to change, and still be new,  
'Till thou ha'st met, what to thy Merit's due. }

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*To my generous Friend, and worthy  
Patriot, Harlequin le Grand. The hum-  
ble Memorial of your little Scribler, Spy,  
Champion, Closet-Counsellor, and Poet,  
D——l D'F——e.*

AH ! Sir, before your great Deserts were known  
To th' Court, the S——e, the Country, or the Town ;  
When you and I met slyly at the *Vine*,  
To spin out Legion-Letters o'er our Wine,  
I then foresaw your Malice and your Pride,  
With forty more aspiring Gifts beside,  
Would raise you, by some Toil, in Spite of Fate,  
To be an Upstart-Prodigy of S——e :  
But yet believ'd, when you so high had soar'd,  
And to the pow'rful P——t you aim'd at, tow'r'd,

That

That you'd have stood more steady, than to fall  
At once from such a lofty Pinacle :

But S—e-Preferments are uncertain Things,  
Ruin sometimes from R——l Favour springs;  
But he that robs the Bees, must never fear their Stings. }

I once stood fair to be a mighty Man,  
You know the Time when who but Prophet *Dan* ;  
But I, alas ! impatient of Delay,

Unwisely play'd the Fool *The Shortest Way* ;  
Or else to be chief H——quin of S—e,  
Had been my Fortune, as it prov'd your Fate.

Why not ? For if it's possible to rise  
By crafty Projects, and officious Lies ;  
'Tis plain, that I'm for any Station fit,  
For who can doubt my Cunning, or my Wit,  
Since I am Courtier, Poet, Prophet, and a Cit ?  
You know my Parts, for you have try'd 'em oft,  
I've been the Tool that rais'd you up aloft ;  
The Offsprings of my bold unbridl'd Muse,  
My Flirts and Flights, my Hymns, and my R——ws ;  
My Legion-Letters scatter'd up and down,  
And Crys of Pop'ry to amuse the Town ;  
But above all, that excellent Essay,  
My Step to th' P——y *The Shortest Way*.

These were the useful Flams and Shams, thou know'st,  
Which made thy Passage easy to thy Post ;  
For my keen Wit, with your ill Nature join'd,  
Blacken'd the Wise, and did the Foolish blind :  
Or, by the sacred Stile of my R——w,  
There never had been Room for such as you.

Have I not rhim'd and rail'd, sworn, ly'd, and spy'd,  
And all to pleasure your Revenge and Pride ?  
Have I not chang'd, by your Advice, my Name,  
And us'd ten thousand Arts to spread your Fame ?  
Have I not travell'd S——nd in Disguise,  
And fill'd the N——th with Reams of mighty Lies ?  
Dispatch'd Intelligence, that you might find  
How freckl'd C——nia stood inclin'd ?  
Did I not flatter them, and plainly prove,  
Their S——bs were Saint-like Blessings from above ?  
And all to serve you at a Time of Need ?  
'Tis true, I own, I did it for my Bread.

How



How oft have I impos'd upon the Crowd,  
And whisper'd T——n, 'till 'twas talk'd aloud,  
That you your lucky Cards might better play,  
And win the doubtful Game *The Shortest Way*?

But now our Projects are at once undone;  
Tho' you may stand, 'tis Time for me to run;  
But I'd advise you to proceed with Care,  
Since all your Hopes are in a T——ft of H——r;  
Forget not the unhappy Fate of *Ninus*,  
'Tis dangerous trusting to a Mount of V——w.

But noble Patron, e'er I take my Leave,  
One special Favour I must humbly crave;  
Whate'er you do, pray save me from the Fate,  
That fell upon my Brother Spy of late;  
Nouns! who'd be Agent to a S——be of S——e?  
But sure, Great Master, you're too much my Friend,  
To prove a Captain P——r in the End;  
For tho' I'm thought to be a Saint by some,  
I'm really unprepar'd for Martyrdom.  
Besides, I vow and swear it makes me sweat,  
To think so small a Volume as a Sheet,  
Should all the Glories of my Life contain,  
Wrote by that sad Historian, *Paul L——in*.

Therefore, if once you draw me in so far,  
To make me fear a T——n Sledge or Car,  
You'll find no foolish G——g of Prophet *Dan*,  
For I shall turn the Tables, if I can,  
And h——g that Master, that has h——d his M——.


*To the late Right H-----ble: An  
Epigram. Written by an infant little  
Scribler, whose Father has been ruin'd  
by the severe Conduct, and over-sharp  
Management of Harlequin le Grand.*

**H**Ad'st thou in Pow'r, been merciful and good,  
As Great Men ought to be, and Christians shou'd,  
The

( viii )

The little Scriblers would have sung thy Praise,  
And soften'd thy Misfortunes with their Lays ;  
But since large Fines, and Pil—es, by thee  
Were made the base Rewards of Poetry,  
The injur'd Muses their Revenge will have,  
And without Mercy, chase thee to the Grave ;  
There, on thy Tomb, eternalize the K—ve,  
That future Times may read thy true Desert,  
And see how grand a V——n once thou wer't.  
For what ungrateful Son, tho' ne'er so young,  
Has he the Gift of ether Pen or Tongue,  
Can bridle his Revenge, in Silence sit,  
And see his Father punish'd for his Wit,  
By him who gull'd whole K——s by his Fraud,  
Ruin'd, by Tr——y, our Af——rs Abroad,  
And serv'd his P——ce as falsely as he does his G—d? }

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( 1 )

*Polit Pamph*  
*Case 169*

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# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*Louis le Petite, and Harlequin le Grand.*

*Louis.* **R**IGHT H——ble, good  
Morrow.

*Harlequin.* Once Right H——ble,  
you mean.

*L.* Aye, once, Master, I thought you  
would have been L——T——r, but  
for that unlucky Spoke that broke in your  
Wheel.

*H.* Come, come, old *Britton*, we have  
some Consolation left still. What will  
you say, if you see me S——r of the  
House next S——s.

*L.* No, no, Master, his *W—sb* High-  
ness has done your Business for that. Who'll  
chuse you for a S——r, think you, now?  
Pray, Master, let S—e Affairs alone for  
the future, and sleep in a whole Skin  
while you may. A Man would reasona-  
B bly

bly imagine you had had enough of 'em already. For my Part, I wish I was well at Home again, flogging the Boys at School, rather than stay here to be flogg'd, or perhaps have my Skin pull'd over my Ears. I am really afraid of my Life, for the Scriblers owe me a Grudge, Master, as well as you ; and they'll write us into a Plot, tho' they write themselves into a Pillory for't.

H. Name that no more, dear Countryman, for I faint away at the very Sight of one, ever since I persecuted a Parcel of poor honest Fellows, for saying what I would have said my Self, if I durst. But Pox take the forward Fools, they spoil'd all that I was driving at, by their *Memorials*, their *Factions display'd*, and a whole Army of *Satyrs*, and the like, that would have born down all before them, and even overturn'd my Self, that was secretly the Patron of 'em all. Well, well, I must say this, (I cannot forgive the Rogues for it) if it had not been for some of those little Scriblers, I had been a great S——y still.

L. Aye, Master, and then People would have been afraid to call me *Louis le Petite*, a poor, diminutive, beggarly Title ; and it looks a little odd upon me,  
as



as if I had been some Under-strapper to *Lewis le Grand*. I am forc'd to sit down quietly now and then, with many a dry Jest upon me: And some Folks ask me if I penn'd G——g's dying Speech for him. Now, you can clear me from that Asper-sion, I dare say; for you know, I never could draw a Deposition while I was in your Of—e. But I don't like this ripping up of old Stories; it looks like Mis-chief towards us, I dare be hang'd else.

H. If thou dar'st not be hang'd, and never squeak for it, thou art no Vassal for me.

L. Dear Sir, excuse me; I am like *Sancho* in the Play, not for purchasing Honour at so dear a Rate. But I wonder you should urge me to Danger, that know the Bottom of my Courage, which is not sufficient to make more than an Evidence of, much less to stare grim Death in the Face, with a Halter about my Neck. *G—ds split bur Nails, Sir, if bur had not rather feed on Goats Cheese and Flummery in her nown Country, than serve the greatest M——er of S—e in the whole World, on such Terms.*

H. I was like to maintain my Post indeed, with such a Tool, that a *Machia-vel* himself would not be able to work with. You promis'd me other Sort of Ser-

vice, when I took you from a Country-School, to place you at the Helm of S—e, where you had the Opportunity of steering this Way or that Way, as would surest best with your Interest, to bring you safe to a Port, where you might gain the most, by Commodities of the least Value; which instead of making Use of, either to my Service, or your own, like a stupid Ass, you made no Use of the Advantages put into your Hands, but let my Lawrels wither with your stinking Weeds.

L. Nay, Master, if you go to that, and begin to talk of Mismanagements, have at you. For as great a Fool as I was then, or am now, I could see who and who were together. I knew you did but dissemble with the C——t, when you made such a Splutter to hunt out the *Church-Memorialist*, and afterwards turn'd *State-Memorialist* your self: Nay, indeed what is it you have not turn'd? And so far I'll own you are a better Politician than I, if Politicks consists in wanting of Principles.

H. How now, Sub——! do you accuse me of wanting of Principles, that have been the very Pattern of the Age? But meddling with such Coxcombs as you, has expos'd me to the Censure of a Sort of Men I value not. Did I instruct you,  
when



when you took Depositions, to ask People, whether they were High-Church, or Low-Church ?

*L.* Pray, Master, don't let you and I fall out ; for if we do, I shall let the World into a Secret they'll be glad to know.

*H.* I never trusted you with a Secret I valu'd.

*L.* That's right ; for I believe you never valu'd any the Gov——t trusted you withal, else you would never have left your Matters so open for every Body to inspect into ; that a Cook-maid takes twice as much Care of a How-d'ye-do Letter from *John* the Coach-man, as you did of the most momentous Affair of a whole Nation.

*H.* I did it on purpose that such little Fellows as you might not betray me.

*L.* No, you did it on purpose that Fellows much less might betray the N——n, and you save you Bacon.

*H.* How dare you harbour a Thought of Treachery of me ?

*L.* Indeed, Master, I never did ; you gave me too convincing Proofs, to leave Room for a Thought. I am satisfy'd.

*H.* Of what are you satisfy'd ?

*L.* That

L. That if I had been an honest Man, I had never desir'd to have known you had been a S——y of S——e.

H. But why do you accuse me of playing the Double in the Affair of the *Church-Memorial*, since the *State-Memorial*, which you say is mine, did so much Service at that Time of Day?

L. Because you always play'd Booty of that Side that employ'd you, 'till at last your cheating Dice were found out; and now what can you expect, but to be kick'd out of all Company, as one that neither fair Gamesters, nor Sharpers, dare venture to play with?

H. Now you mistake the Point strangely: For did not I pr——te the Whigs in the late R——n, when I was High-Church? And did I not do the same to High-Church, when a Whig? When then did I ever play Booty?

L. When you engag'd with you know who, to do you know what, you knock'd all on the Head, by exposing those very Men that were carrying on your own Work: Nay, did you not punish the very Person you employ'd to do your Drudgery, and make you appear a Great Man with the Party you were then deserting? But I hope, now you are turn'd High-Church



Church again, you'll make Restitution to all those you have injur'd ; and then I doubt not, but they'll trust you once more.

*H.* To speak my Heart freely, I do begin to repent of the great Hardships I put upon those Men, whom, if it had not been for, by ambitious Ends of my own, I could have hugg'd in my Breast, when I us'd 'em like Dogs, purely to oblige those that hate me for it now ; and to shew an unfeign'd Zeal for a Cause, that at that Time I had purpos'd to betray. But I know they are forgiving Fools ; and as long as I am of their Side now, they'll espouse me still, never fear it. Your Passive Obedience Asses, are the best Beasts of Burden that can be bestrid.

*L.* They are so, Master ; but at the same Time, remember they are the hardest to be beat out of their old Road : You may cudgel them, as *Baalam* did his Ass, 'till he reprov'd his Rider. But have a Care they do not bray upon you ; for 'tis said, their Breath is infectious.

*H.* I must confess I have us'd the Beasts but scurvily ; but I depend upon their Forgiveness, as a Parcel of stupid Brutes. Don't you remember how I made S—— and M—— dance after me for a Bish——  
rick,

rick, and I procur'd it for another before their Faces? Yet the Spaniels fawn'd upon me still, in Defiance to such a bare-fac'd Affront.

*L.* But expect this, and be assur'd of it, now you have no Victuals that they like, to fall from your Table, the Curs will not only snarl, but bite you by the Heels. They are Creatures of that Nature, that never forget an Injury, or remember a good Turn; so that you are in a hopeful Condition: For those that you have serv'd, will despise you; and those that you have injur'd, will never forgive you, but sit upon your Skirts, as you have done upon their Cassocks.

*H.* At this Rate, Country-man, I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market; and I shall have all the little barking Dogs of the Town upon my Back at once. They'll hang me up in Effigy, and *de WIT* me in Satyr and Lampoon. I shall be the Subject of some paultry Madrigal, or Penny Garland; and *Phalaris* like, be tormented with the same Engine of Infamy, I had prepar'd for others. The hooting Screech-Owls, will profane my Name in every Corner of the Streets; and I shall be the Jest of the insulting Vulgar.

*L.* Why



*L.* Why then don't you confess your self to the Church, and get their Absolution? 'Tis all you have left for it now. You must settle your self in their good Graces, or else you are lost for ever.

*H.* What, would you have me own, whose Business I have been carrying on all this While, and then expect they should receive me into their Protection? No, no, I dare not venture upon such a bold Stroke; that's the Way to lose their Favour all at once. I know, a great many of them believe still, that what I have been doing all this Time, was to promote their Interest; and I'll never undeceive them.

*L.* Dare you not trust the Tories with the Secret? They'll carefs you, to be sure, when they come to understand your Meaning.

*H.* Carefs me! Ah! Country-man, you are mightily deceiv'd: They'll rather toss me in a Blanket, for being such a D—l to 'em. For what can ruin their Cause more effectually, than to espouse such a —————? I could call my self Names, for abusing them as I have done, only for the Sake of Mischief. I think, there's nothing else could have put me upon what I did.

C

L.

*L.* What you was going to do, Master, you mean; for you did nothing at all, but confound them, and your self too.

*H.* Sure you cannot be so ignorant as you would make your self, to say, I have been doing nothing all this While. What, I warrant you think to slip your Neck out of the Collar, by pretending to know nothing of my Affairs; which, you say, every Body about me did! Come, come, as dull as you are, you cannot make the World believe, you are altogether such a Stranger to ———.

*L.* Why, Sir, I hope you would not have me as quick at understanding *Blanks*, *Cyphers*, and *Inuendo's*, as your H——r; tho' I own, I was forc'd to pretend I did, when in your Service. But I here openly and sincerely declare, I knew no more of the Matter, than an Almanack-maker does of the Weather. 'Tis true, I us'd to guess sometimes right, and sometimes wrong; and 'tis a hard Case, that for this you would take me for a Conjuror.

*H.* A Conjuror! a Coxcomb! No Body, that ever exchang'd three Words with thee, would ever take thee for a Conjuror. But what's all this to the Question? Did you never know what was doing in my Of——e.

*L.* No,



L. No, Sir, I never knew the Secrets of your Of—e. Pray, Master, don't ensnare me with such dangerous Questions; for I'll swear, I know nothing of your Business.

H. A hopeful Sub——, that knows nothing of his Master's Business. Was not I well help'd up with such Tools about me, think you? I made a glorious Choice truly, when I employ'd such People to serve the S—e. But you can swear now I find, tho' you were mealy-mouth'd when my Honour lay at Stake.

L. Your Honour at Stake, and no Body else to save it, but poor *Pilgarlick*! I doubt it was in a bad Condition then. I wonder what you would do with my Confession, for I am but a rotten Stick to depend upon?

H. A very sincere Acknowledgment how you have us'd me! Short and pithy truly! And so I may hang or drown'd, which I please, 'tis all one to *Taffy*. Now, Sir, where's your Gratitude for the Opportunities I gave you of making yourself a Great Man?

L. A Great R——, you mean, Master! But I thank God, and my good Friends, I was never Schollard enough for such high Preferment. What got your

Favourite G——, with all his *Greek* and *Hebrew*, and his Heathenish Characters? Well, for my Part, I shall be content with Peace and Quietness, and three Meals a Day; let 'em be Great Folk, that please.

H. Go, you grovling, humble Earthworm, and make Room for those that have Ambition in 'em to merit Honour. You have forgot the old Proverb, *Audaces Fortuna Juvat, Faint Heart never won fair Lady.*

L. No, Sir, I have not forgot that Proverb; but I remember a better, *That it's good sleeping in a whole Skin:* And then there's another thwarting Proverb, says, *Harm watch, Harm catch.*

H. I think thou art turn'd *Sancho* indeed, and ha'st furnish'd thy Noddle with old Womens Sayings, instead of State-Maxims. Was this a Qualification requisite for my Service?

L. I must acknowledge it was not, upon the Honour of an ancient *Britton*. But whence could you imagine, Sir, I could be furnish'd with such a Capacity as you requir'd? Therefore you ought not to blame me, but your Self, in making such a Choice.

H. Had I employ'd any Man of a  
work-



working Brain, there had been some Hopes of getting out of this Snare I have involv'd my Self in. Such a Man would have found out some Ways of helping a lame Dog over the Stile: But such an Insipid as you, can find out no Invention to relieve me; but, like a dead Weight in a Storm at Sea, you help to plunge the Vessel to the Bottom.

L. Nay, Master, now you are unreasonable; for had I not been a willing Tit, and ready to serve you as far as I was capable, you had sunk long ago: But you forget since I both l—d and f—e for you. What would you have done with your T——ls at G—d-Hall, against the whole Tribe of Authors, Printers, and Publishers, had not I been your standing Ev——ce? Tho' now you reproach me with Want of Courage.

H. But what's all that to our present Circumstances? Can you think of any Thing to bring me into Play again? I want but once more to try my Fortune, and then I'll bid Defiance to the World.

L. Never fear that; for there are some People talk of bringing you into Play again, whether you will or no. Pray, Master, let me be cast out, for I don't care  
to

to sport with such Company, as I understand you'll be brought among.

*H.* The Devil's in thee for a Comforter. I can tell the Worst my self; but I want one to make the best on't.

*L.* I marry; and the best is bad enough, I doubt. But why should you love to be flatter'd now, when you stand most in need of having the Truth told you, that you may help your self, if you can tell how? But I desire to take my Leave of you, and bid you heartily adieu.

*H.* Stay, stay, my dear Country-man, and leave me not in such a melancholy Pickle: For you cannot but be sensible, my Cr—es pursue me every where in Solitude, and are become my perpetual Tormentors.

*L.* I us'd to tell you of these Things long ago, when I was sent into the City to get W—g Ju—s p——d; and have the poor Criminals deny'd their Pa—ls, least they should object against such Men, as they were sure before-hand, would find them gu—y Right or Wrong.

*H.* That's but a Trifle, you know, to what I did in punishing one for being the Author of a Libel, that was hatch'd among our selves: But that was the only Way to bring us off from the Imputation;  
tho'



tho' after all our Trick and Cunning, it was fix'd upon us at last, notwithstanding we manag'd it so as to do the Party no Service, because we stiff'd the Evidence he brought to clear himself, when he laid the Matter plainly at our Door.

*L.* Aye, but this was an unlucky Business; for it got Air, and rais'd a Jealousy in some Great Men against you. You may remember the Letter that oblig'd you to take some Dep——s you had rather have let alone, tho' you burnt them afterwards; for you had no Mind to be inform'd of a Thing from another, which you knew better before-hand your self.

*H.* I shall never forget the malepert Jade, that teaz'd me seven or eight Hours together, to convince me, that I was a ——; which I presum'd I knew more of, than she could inform me; but she perswaded me at last, to believe some People in the World understood me, as well as I did my self. I was startl'd how she came by the Knowledge, but found at last, *She had plow'd with my Heifer*: And then it did not repent me, that I was so inquisitive after her Intelligence.

*L.* And then you found, to your Sorrow, that you was betray'd by the same Method you made use of to betray others.

This

This is the usual Fate that attends knavish Politicians, who use sinister Arts, and not the honest Rules of Foresight, Vigilance, and Conduct. Men that have quick Apprehensions to penetrate into the mysterious Mazes of S——e, never depend upon Villany and Trick; to effect what they aim to bring about: And 'tis evident, Master, those who have attempted by false Artifices, to do their Business more expeditiously than others, have gone the farthest Way about, and generally fail'd (the SHORTEST WAY) of the Success propos'd.

H. And what would you insinuate from hence? That all my boasted Policy consisted in nothing but a few poultry Stratagems, made up of crafty Wiles, and knavish Subtilty? And that the Top of my Character will never rise above the Title of a S——e V———?

L. You may be as free with your own Character, as you please; but I said no such Thing, whatever you may understand of it by way of *Inuendo*. What I said, was in general Terms; but you know best how to make the Application.

H. 'Tis Application makes the Afs: And I am clearly of the Opinion now, that



that the greatest K—es, are the greatest Fools.

L. Aye, Master ; and you may remember the old Proverb true still, *That Honesty is the best Policy.*

H. But to preach out of Time, is worse than playing out of Tune ; it grates the Understanding, as well as punishes the Ear. You should have read your Lectures, when I was capable of mending my Lesson ; but it comes as unseasonable now, as Advice to a Gamester at his last Stake.

L. But it is not so to you, since you design to play again ; and therefore a little Caution may be of great Use to you.

H. Yes, just as much Use to me as a little Honesty, which will do me no more Good, than a little Ro—ry. In short, I have no Occasion for a little of any Thing, it must be something great and daring, that is fit to serve me at this Juncture.

L. I am heartily glad of it, Master ; for then you have no more Business for such a little Fellow as I.

H. And will you leave me then ?

L. I think its high Time, since all Mankind despise you : Nor can you imagine what vile Things the People say of you. For my Part, I would hide my self, if I durst ; but I am afraid of trusting my

D

self

self in the Dark, least the Devil should run away with me.

H. Well then, since I must bear this heavy Mortification, let me hear the worst Malice can say of me.

L. No, no, 'tis not Malice I doubt, but too much plain Truth. But really, Master, I dare not tell it you; perhaps it may be T——son; and then you'll go and hang me for speaking T——son, tho' I am nothing but telling you, what People say you did.

H. I'll promise you to take no Advantage of what you say.

L. And do you think, Sir, I may venture to believe your Promise, after knowing how often you have broke it, upon the most solemn Asseverations? Did not you use to promise the poor Scriblers, you would never take any Advantage of their Confessions to you, and then oblige me to come in Evidence against them upon their Prosecutions? Then did you not use to promise, you would not punish 'em, but let 'em depend on you, 'till you had compleated their Ruin? Did you not use to promise those that would plead guilty, all the Favours you were capable of conferring on them, which were *Fines, Pillories, and Imprisonments*? And now I  
pro-



promise you, and will be as good as my Word, I'll never trust you. One Thing I had almost forgot, when you promis'd a Person that was before you, that you would take Care your Self of his Prosecution, (I do not mean him that you told, he had offended a Party that would never forgive) in that you did keep your Promise, to give the Devil his Due; for I would not belie you.

H. Surely you may trust me with my own Faults: It is not probable I should seek to betray my Self.

L. Well, but these Things I talk off, are no Secrets, but what are openly spokt of every where; tho' perhaps they may not have reach'd your Ears yet.

H. Then from whence can you be apprehensive of Danger?

L. From no Body but your Self; for as soon as you hear of the Miscarriages you have committed, I know you'll be apt to lay them at my Door; this not being the first Time you have done so; and then I may suffer for them, as other People have done already. This Kind of Couzenage, is your Master-piece; and no Body but a meer Fool, will trust his Gold in the Hands of a *Hocus Pocus*, or an Artist at *Legerdemain*.

D 2

H.

H. At this Rate, you will make me viler than the greatest *Hypocrisy*, that is in my Heart, can suggest to me : And I cannot but flatter my Self, 'tis rank Malice that makes you talk thus sawcily of one you ought to have more Veneration for, out of Respect to the Character I once bore.

L. Was it not for that Character, you might have been forgiven what you have done. But 'tis that that has fix'd an indelible Blot upon you ; which the Penance of an hundred Years can never wash out : Nor those Authors, that write Books, and answer themselves by your Direction, and pay, with all their Panegyricks or Elogies, be able to obliterate.

H. Then, am I fallen so low, as to be insulted by my Servant ? I say no more. You're a false Man, and threaten me with Crimes you cannot name ; or which is worse, you are ashamed to own your self an Actor in.

L. I am glad I have some Modesty left in me, to blush for what I have done ; and enough, I hope, to prevent me from entring upon more Mischief. But how many Things have you committed unknown to me, before I was your Hellish Em——ry ? Have you forgot your flatter-  
tering



tering Speech, when first elected S——er,  
 how your Heart gave your Tongue the  
 Lie; when you essay'd three times to speak,  
 but all in vain; your trembling Lips  
 confess'd your Guilt, and your false falt-  
 tring Tongue betray'd your faithless  
 Heart; while R——al M——ty beheld  
 the Conflict with Compassion, and bid  
 the K——er thank you for your Mode-  
 sty?

H. O! spare me, Country-man; for you  
 touch me to the Quick. I was perfidious  
 there, I must confess: Tho' my Tongue  
 would not utter the Poison of my Heart,  
 I aim'd to flatter the C——t into a Be-  
 lief I was their Creature, the better to  
 obtain the Knowledge of what they want-  
 ed, that I might disappoint them. The  
 K——g soon found the Guile, and I was  
 forc'd to unmask, before I could perpe-  
 trate the Mischief I design'd: Tho' I made  
 a bold Attempt to inflame the Nation with  
 the B—— against Oc——nal Co——ty,  
 that Project dwindl'd to nothing, and all  
 the Hopes we had left then, was to re-  
 serve it for a Tack: But Providence re-  
 solv'd to disappoint me, and turn'd me a-  
 bout to thwart the Project I had first in-  
 vented. [*Vide D. D' Foe's Answer to the*  
*Lord Hav——'s first Speech*] Thus I was

made,

made, by unseen Springs, a Tool to counter-plot my own Designs, and fight against my Self.

*L.* This makes Good what is said of you ; that you are not to be trusted ; for he that will betray himself, ought to have no Credit given him from another. But what you mention, is but trifling to what you have done, would you but tell the Promises you made, when you receiv'd the S——ls after the Desertion of the Church, and all her Sacred Concerns, which you had so solemnly swore to maintain.

*H.* I find you are resolv'd to rip up my Breast, and expose me to the naked Eye, that every one may look into the Secrets of my Heart, and revile me for a double-tongu'd Sycophant. But I'll take the Advantage of the World, and rather be the Trumpeter of my own Dishonour, than suffer others to mangle me.

*L.* I know you hate to do Things by half Parts ; therefore you'll spare my Reproaches.

*H.* I was brought up betwixt the Pillars of the Church, and the Posts of the Chappel, and have halted ever since betwixt two Opinions, owning both, but being true to neither. Those that took  
me



me for a Church-man, were mistaken ; and those that rely'd upon me for a Conventickler, were left in the Lurch. When I was thought to be one, I was always the other ; and *Mercury* himself never so often chang'd Shapes, as I have done Principles, 'till I am left as void of any, as if I had had none at all.

*L.* In that you cheat the World again ; for many People believe still, that you are a Bigot to High-Church, and now espouse her bare-fac'd ; and glory in your late happy Conversion from Moderation, Whiggism, and all those destructive Principles, that make Ship-wrack of a good Conscience, and plunge Men into the Waves of Discord and Sedition.

*H.* I dare own my Self High-Church now, tho' 'tis more than ever I durst do before in my Life. Danger makes me bold ; and she 'tis must protect me at last ; for perhaps I had design'd her a secret Favour, could I have brought it to bear, that she would have thank'd me for ever : Then I should have made her a Recompence for all my by past Actions, and fix'd her upon a *Basis*, as lasting as the Rock she first was built upon.

*L.* Indeed, Master, the High-Church you talk of fixing, must have been his

*W—sb*

*W—b* Highness's Church; for you had so pull'd the other in pieces, it could never have been repair'd in your Time; and tho' you had liv'd to have seen *St. Paul's* finish'd, you could not expect to see the Breaches you had made in the National Church, ever heal'd. You might pretend to daub them up, but the first Shower of Discord, would have wash'd them down again.

*H.* You talk strangely; for I doubt not but to effect it yet; let them but chuse me S——r, and I have got a Salve will cure all the Wounds I ever made.

*L.* I doubt you'll prove a S—e-Quack, and make more fresh Wounds, than you heal old Sores. Besides, 'tis a dangerous Experiment, and may prove fatal to a pretending Physician.

*H.* Mine's a Medicine I know how to apply, and what Constitutions it will agree with. Experience is the best Guide; and she has taught me to understand my Error, which is the sure Step to correct the Fault, and administer aright for the future.

*L.* Whenever you are made a M——er again, you'll have Leave to rectify your false Practice. But in the mean Time, if you



you can live upon your Experience, you may learn to be immortal.

*H.* And do you despair of ever seeing me a M——er again ?

*L.* No, Sir, I don't despair ; but I hope I never shall ; no, not so much as to see you a Church-Warden, or a Constable, for you have an unlucky Head of your own, and you'll be for playing at small Games, rather than stand out.

*H.* You fordid Wretch, to talk of me at this Rate ! I tell you, Varlet, I will mount a Chair of S——e once more.

*L.* I'll not believe it, unless 'Squire *Bickerstaff* has foretold it ; and then it must be true. But in the mean Time, dear Master, let me perswade you from these idle Dreams, the Products of a frantick Brain.

*H.* I ought to fall bravely a Sacrifice to those I have injur'd, rather than not attempt to make 'em Restitution : If I am disappointed, the Fault will not lie at my Door.

*L.* And if you disappoint not them, the Fault shall lie at mine.

*H.* Insolent ! to upbraid me with the highest Thoughts I can conceive of Justice and Honour.

*E*

*L*

*L.* How is it possible for you to conceive such Notions, that have been blind to both so many Years?

*H.* But is it not easy to repent?

*L.* Yes; but not so easy to make Restitution; for Life and Fame taken away, are not to be restor'd: So that there you may rest satisfy'd, you are at your *Ne Plus ultra*.

*H.* And would you make that a Bar to my future Hopes, that have rais'd my Expectations to a Pitch, that I shall merit more from all the World, than they can pay me?

*L.* That most are satisfy'd already in, and think you only want your true Deserts.

*H.* That's spoke like an old *Britton*, and fires my Blood with brave Ambition. Now methinks I mount again above the Vulgar Reach, and overlook the bright As—y of *Great Britain*, as I have often done with awful Aspect.

*L.* I am sorry, Master, you should think I flatter'd you; for be assur'd, I did not design it.

*H.* Flattery's above a *Welch*-man's Soul to give, or to receive.

*L.*



L. I am glad you take me right then ; for I meant it sincerely, according to your Merits.

H. Then I'll tell thee, Country-man, my Merits are such, that did *Great Britain* truly understand them, they would

L. I know what you are going to say, they would reward them. That's what I don't question, Sir, if they could but find them out ; and I think you are to blame, to let them rest so long a Secret, that at last they may be forgotten.

H. I wish they were for ever.

L. Then, Master, you would lose your Reward.

H. No, I'll leave you to remind them, and reap the Fruits of it after I am dead and gone.

L. I thank you kindly for the Legacy ; but I hope I shall never live to enjoy it.

H. Don't you trouble your Head, but I can lay the Matter where I please, as long as the World has given me the Character of a cunning Man : They'll never believe now, that I can be concern'd in a P—t, but that I have Wit enough to procure such Fools as you to be h—'d for me.

L. Nay, nay, Master, if that be your Principle, tho' I thought you had had none, it is high Time for me not only to trouble my Head, but my Heels too. But as cunning a Man as you think the World takes you to be, I fancy there are some People in the World, that understand you as well as I do; therefore I would not have you think of *putting Tricks upon Travellers*.

H. You will be sawcy now. But this it is to be out of an Of——e. I have known the Time when you durst not insult me thus, and tell me of my Tricks; but I would not value that of a Rope, if I had but the same Opportunity of playing Tricks now, as I had once: I would give the World leave to call me a Fool, if I did not deserve the Title of a K——.

L. Indeed, Sir, I never heard any Body of late, dispute your Deserts. But the Business, is, they all say, you never had your just Reward.

H. Ho, Country-man! Are you thereabouts? I find you are Roguish. Did you think I could not understand you?

L. Why should I dispute it, Master, but that it is easy for you to know what you deserve?

H. And what do you really think I deserve?

L.



*L.* O dear Sir, I hope you would not have me pass Sentence upon you.

*H.* What do'st mean by passing Sentence upon me? I hope you do not think me worthy of D——h.

*L.* Lord bless me, Master, I am so far from thinking of it, I dare not think of D——h at all, tho' I was to die on a Feather-Bed; which, betwixt you and I, I fear will never be our Fate. But for all this, there are a strange Sort of People, that think strange Sort of Things of us, which makes me dream of Halters and Gibbets, and I know not what.

*H.* Thou'rt a puny Fellow, and therefore ought not to upbraid me with Crimes thou would'st, but dar'st not do: They are too great for thy Soul, which was never stamp'd above the Level of a Pedant. I was made for such low Wretches to admire, and not betray.

*L.* Nay, that's the Truth on't, Master, there are a thousand that are higher than I, by the Head and Shoulders, admire all this Time what you have been doing, and then such low Wretches as I may well be astonish'd.

At present, *LITTLE MASTER*, I shall conclude with some good Advice out of a small Book lately recommended to me,  
enti-

entitled, *Autarchy*; or, *The Art of Self-Government*, pag. 77, 78, and 79. ' The  
 ' Ostentation, and vain-glorious Boastings,  
 ' proceeding from the Fumes of Ambiti-  
 ' on, is the third Kind of Sensuality in St.  
 ' John's Method. And here I cannot but  
 ' think, that the strutting Gallant, (*like*  
 ' *a Crow in a Gutter*) must be conscious  
 ' to himself of his own Emptiness, and  
 ' that he should take little Pleasure in  
 ' cheating others, when he knows he doth  
 ' but cheat himself; and for the Desire of  
 ' being Great, I would fain know where's  
 ' the Pleasure of forcing a Man's Way  
 ' through the Bryars and Thorns, the dark  
 ' Methods of secret Plots, and the Laby-  
 ' rinths of infernal Combinations? (As  
 ' YOU HAVE:) ' When by many dangerous  
 ' Steps, he is arriv'd at the unsteady Seat  
 ' of Greatness, on the (*Incendialis Togathe*)  
 ' poisonous Robe of Jealousies and Fears;  
 ' when he is hated by some, and fear'd by  
 ' others, and made a common Curse by most:  
 ' Is this that which you call a State of Hap-  
 ' piness? His Port deprives him of Society,  
 ' and the Distance that he must keep ren-  
 ' ders his Life solitary and uncomfortable;  
 ' and yet (which is very remarkable) he is  
 ' troubl'd with Company, and his Atten-  
 ' dants will not give him the Liberty of  
 an



' an Hour's Privacy and Recess. So that in-  
 ' deed a great favourite S—efman can nei-  
 ' ther be familiar, or retir'd; nor can en-  
 ' joy himself alone, or his Friends in Com-  
 ' pany, but must be confin'd to the Bed-  
 ' lam of Buffoons and Parasites. If this  
 ' be then such a pleasant Life, *per me li-*  
 ' *cet*, let those that will run the Danger,  
 ' enjoy the Benefit of being Great and ha-  
 ' ted, of breaking the wild Beast to an ea-  
 ' sy Pace and Mildness; they had need to  
 ' have Returns answerable to their Dan-  
 ' gers. (Mind that, LITTLE MASTER.)

' 'Tis true, we that move in a lower Orb,  
 ' look up, and gaze upon Greatness, with  
 ' Admiration; and think a *Phaeton* a hap-  
 ' py Man, because he sits so high, and a-  
 ' mongst so much Brightness: But alas!  
 ' we know not what Furies carry him on,  
 ' or what Dangers attend him. Did we  
 ' seriously consider the State of Greatness,  
 ' we should find St. *James's* Description of  
 ' our Lives, to be adapted to his; *a Va-*  
 ' *pour that appeareth for a little Time, and*  
 ' *then vanisheth away*; a Cloud that looks  
 ' gloriously towards the Sun, and by the  
 ' Reflection of his Beams, carry'd aloft by  
 ' a superior Influence, for a short Time,  
 ' and then it dissolves in Tears.

In fine, no Body as I have read of but Monsieur *Nonpereil*, ever made so rash a Vow as this; which was, That he would stab the first Man he met, that was prouder than himself; but might have been alive 'till this Day, if another Mischance had not happen'd, to cause him to make a sudden Slip out of this Life, *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

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**FINIS.**

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